CORVALIS

scious, too, perhaps, of feeling a little

Then he puts her quickly from him and

"Pshaw, you are not worth it!" he

says, his manner full of the most intense

CHAPTER XI.

the open window puts the lamp to

shame, and compels Vera's attention. How sweet, how heavenly fair the gar-

old-fashioned window, and a longing to

Catching up a light shawl to cover the

evening gown she wears, she steals, care-

fully as might a guilty soul, by Griselda's

bed, along the dusky corridor, down the

ters, where a light under Mrs. Grunch's

door warns her that that remorseless foe

A small door leading into the garden

alone in the exquisite perfumed silence

How long she thus gives herself up to

the sweet new enjoyment of life she

hardly knows until she hears the ancient

It startles her. Has she indeed been here so long? What if Griselda should

wake and be alarmed for her? She

moves quickly in the direction of the

house, and at last, regaining the inner

She has neared the shrubberies and in-

voluntarily turns her glance their way as

velops them, when she stops, and presses

her hand convulsively to her breast. Who

is it-what is it, moving there, in the

says a most unwelcome voice.

"Don't be frightened. It is I, Seaton,"

"Ah!" she says. She is angry beyond

doubt, and still further angered by the

knowledge that there is more of relief

than coldness in the simple exclamation

"I had no idea you were here at all,"

"I am afraid I have startled you. If I

"You make it very hard for me," she

says, with a touch of passionate impa-

"That is unjust," says he, roused in

turn. "To make your life easier is my

"Are you succeeding, do you think?

my part smoother, when you compel me

to see that you stay away, or only come

here at hours inconvenient to you, be-

She turns aside sharply, and walks

step or two away from him. Somehow

at this instant, the growing chill of the

early night seems to strike more sharply

on her senses, and a shiver not to be

up to her with a hasty stride. "What madness it is, your being out at this

She agrees silently to this proposition,

and follows him across the grass to the

small oaken door that had given her

egress-only to find it barred against her!

Seaton, having tried it, glances at her

"Grunch must have fastened it, on her

way to bed. The bolt is drawn," says

"Do you mean that I can't get in?"

asks she, as if unable to credit so terri-

However, I can try to do something, but

in the meantime you must not stay out

"You may feel it cold. I don't," re-

turns she ,perversely. "Not so long as the moonlight lasts, shall I find it lonely

either. I," raising her unfriendly, beau-

quite happy out here, even though I stay

till the day dawns and the doors are

he looks at her with a keen scrutiny. "A

word out of place, surely; given the best

conditions, I hardly dare to believe you

"Happy or unhappy," says she, with quick resentment, her mind being dis-

tressed by this awkward fear of having

to pass the night from under any roof,

'surely it can be nothing to you! Why

affect an interest in one who is as hate-

his. Perhaps he is driven by it into an

"Hateful to me! Do you think you ar

that, Vera?" says he, in a low tone, but

one full of fierce and sudden passion-

passion long suppressed. "Do you hon-

estly believe that?" His manner is al-

most violent, and as he speaks he catches

to heaven," he says, miserably, "that

could ever be 'happy' at Greycourt.'

'Happy!' " As he repeats her word

hour! Come, come back to the house."

"You are cold," he exclaims, coming

suppressed stirs her whole frame.

she says, faintly, after a pause that has

had known I should not, of course, have

grown sufficiently long to be awkward.

garden, begins to think her pleasant so-

staircase, and past the servants' quar-

A gleam of moonlight coming through



hand. The second is heard to "chink"

against the first as it is dropped upon

it. The hand being then opened is

found to contain but one of the coins.

This is again placed in the left.

squeezed for a moment and disappears.

The right hand then draws forth the

In playing this trick a third coin is

needed. The sleeves should be rolled

back beyond the elbows, to show that

nothing has been hidden beneath them.

Then the two coins are first shown, the

third being hidden in the right palm.

The first coin is thrown carelessly into

the left hand. Those looking on see it

drop there, so they are positive that when the hand is closed it really con-

HOLDING BUT ONE COIN.

ment of the right hand is to all appear-

But it is not. As the left hand ap-

idly carried by the fingers of the right

hand into the palm, where it strikes

against coin No 3, making the clicking

sound which deceives those looking on

The left hand is now opened and

shown to contain but a single coin.

The hand is then closed again, the coin

pressed into the palm. When the hand

is opened, care is taken not to expose

the palm, and the hand is allowed to

drop at the side as though it were

empty. Although the palm is not ex-

posed the audience will take it for

granted that the hand is empty, as

upon the earlier disappearance of one

of the two coins the hand was so freely

shown as to make it quite clear that the

missing coin was not concealed in it.

The appearance, at the conclusion, of

the two coins in the right hand causes

those watching to firmly believe that

the left hand has no secret to yield up.

Busy Animals.

The fox is a dealer in poultry, but he

is nothing more nor less than a thief.

and a plump rabbit comes next best.

The otter and the heron are fisher

men. The otter is not often seen, for

The ants are the busiest of all. Catch

They are always in earnest at their

work, building their underground

homes and laying up stores of food for

The swallow is a fly catcher, and

skims now over the surface of the lit-

tle streams. It takes a great many

flies to feed him for just one day, and

The beaver is a wood cutter, a build-

er and a mason. It cuts down the small

trees with its teeth, and, after it has

built its house, it plasters it with its

The snail, too, is a builder, but "

takes the material for its house from its

own body. It is so anxious to begin

work that it commences to build its

The mole that burrows under the

earth from which it tunnels in every

direction, and it makes such clever

paths that it can run from one to the

The bees do not all live in hives or

tree trunks. The mason bee digs a hole

in a brick wall and lines it with clay.

In this nest it lays two eggs and closes

it up. The miner bee bores long holes

in the sandbanks and the carpenter bees

bore their tunnels in wood. The uphol-

leaves. The rose leaf cutter takes a

leaf between its jaws, begins near the

stalk and cuts out a circle of just the

right size and as perfect as could be

marked with a compass. With these

its round hole in the wall into little

Zulu Prince to Be a Schoolmaster.

Those of you who have read the

story of "The Dark Continent" prob-

other and can scarcely be eaught.

own house before it is even hatched.

he is forever at work.

tail.

as to its real position.

two coins from, say, the knee.

GAZETTE.

UNION Estab. July, 1897. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1902.

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frightened.

turns away.

self-contempt.

to slumber.

of the night.

mysterious gloom?

come here.'

heart's desire."

in mute dismay.

ble an announcement.

he, slowly.

open again.'

cause-because of me?"

CHAPTER X. concentrated tone. She can see that his

Long since the moon has mounted the face is very white, and that it is with heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad difficulty he restrains himself; she is constars kee; company with it, the hush of sleeping nature pays homage to it. Sol-emnly, slowly, from the old belfry tower the twelve strokes of midnight have sounded on the air.

Vera, rising cautiously from beside Griselda, who is, as usual, sleeping the sleep of the just, slips gently on to the bare white across which the moonbeams are traveling delicately. Sleep has deserted her. Weary at last

of her efforts to lose herself and her hateful thoughts in unconsciousness, she dedo for her. She steps lightly across the room, opens the door and speeds with all basts over the country to step the steps lightly across the sits on the door and speeds with all sits on the door and speeds with all sits on the door and the step that the haste over the corridor, gaunt and ghostly in the dim light, down the grand old staircase, and enters a room on the left of the library, where one day she made the library, where one day she made head, takes possession of her. ly in the dim light, down the grand old the discovery that comfort was to be

Striking a match, she lights a lamp upon a side table and proceeds to examine the book shelves. Taking down one that she thinks will please her, Vera kneels upon one of the deep window seats, looks outward, trying to pierce the has as yet refused to surrender herself soft and scented gloom.

The opening of the door rouses her. It is quite an hour later-an hour forgotten is close to this, and moving swiftly up by her as she read. With a sudden start the narrow stone passage that brings her she looks up, turning her face over her to it she opens the door, and so closing shoulder to the door, to see who can be it after her that she can regain the house coming in at this unholy hour. Her at any moment, she turns to find herself heart grows cold within her as she sees

In silence they stare at each other. Vera, indeed, so great is her astonishment, forgets to rise, but sits there curled up among her furs, with a little frozen | belfry clock telling the midnight hour. look of fear and detestation on her per-

"I have disturbed you," says Seaton at last, breaking the spell, and speaking in a distinctly unnatural tone. "I did hope I should have found privacy somewhere, at some hour," says journ at an end.

"I came for a book," says he, contritely. "Now that I am here, will you permit me to say a few words in my own she seeks to pierce the darkness that endefense?

"Oh, defense!" says she, with undis-

"Certainly. I would prove to you how entirely you have wronged me," says he, firmly. "I acknowledge that once my father expressed a wish that I should marry you," coloring darkly, "always provided you were willing to accept me; and I"-slowly-"acceded to that wish." "But why, why?" demands she, flashing round at him.

"I do not wonder at your question. It seems impossible there should be a rea son," replies he, coldly; "for ever since the first hour we met you have treated me with uniform unfriendliness. I had almost said discourtesy."

"There is a reason, nevertheless," says she, hotly. She has come a step or two nearer to him, and her large, lustrous eyes, uplifted, seem to look defiance into "Your reason I can fathom-but your father's-that, I confess, puzzles me. Why should he, whose god is money choose the penniless daughter of the

brother he defrauded to be---' "Defrauded?" interrupts Seaton, with

"Call it what you will," with an expressive gesture of her hand-"undertake his defense, too; but the fact remains that the iniquitous deed that gave to your father what should have been ours was undoubtedly drawn up by my uncle I have heard all about it a hundred times Your father hardly denied it to mine when last writing to him. His taking us home to live with him was, I suppose, a sort of reparation. To marry me to you, and thus give me back the prop-

erty he stole-is that a reparation, too?" She is as pale as death, and the hands that cling to the back of the chair near her are trembling. But her lips are firm and her eyes flashing. It occurs to Seaton, gazing at her in breathless silence, that if she could have exterminated him then and there by a look she would have

"You degrade yourself and me when you talk like that," says Scaton, who is now as pale as she is. "For heaven's hardly knowing how to explain, "the sake, try to remember how abominably front door is of course locked and chainyou misrepresent the whole thing. If my ed, and the servants, with the exception futher had a freak of this kind in his of Grunch, all asleep at the top of the head-a desire to see you married to his house; a late arrangement of my father's, only son-surely there was no discourtesy as the original servants' quarters lie be to you contained in such a desire. It was low. I am afraid, therefore, that if we rather-you must see that-a well-meant knocked forever, it would have no effect. arrangement on his part. It was more," boldly. "He loves me; in wishing to see you my wife he paid you the highest here in the cold." compliment he could. I defy you to re-

gard it in any other light." "You plead his cause well-it is your own," says she, tapping the back of the chair with taper, angry fingers. "Why tiful eyes to his-"I assure you I shall be take the trouble? Do you think you can bring me to view the case in a lenient light? Am I likely to forget that youyou aided and abetted your father in trying to force me into this detested mar-

"I'ray put that marriage out of your head," says he, slowly. "You have taken it too seriously. I assure you I would not marry you now if you were as willing as you are unwilling. I can hardly

put it stronger." "When my grandfather left this property to your father," she says, slowly, affect an interest in one who is as hate-"he left it purposely unentailed. Your ful to you as I am?" A little fire has father, then, were you to cross his fallen into her tone, and there is ill-supwishes, could leave you, as I have been pressed contempt in the eyes she lifts to left, penniless. To avoid that, you would fall in with any of his views. You would anger that leads to his betrayal. even so far sacrifice yourself as to-marry me!" Oh, the contempt in her tone! There is a long pause. Then Seaton, striding forward, seizes her by both arms and turns her more directly to the light. The grasp of his hands is as a vise, and -afterward-it seemed to her that he both her hands in his, and crushes them had, involuntarily, as it were, shaken vehemently against his breast. "I would

"How dare you?" he says, in a low, that were so!"

her, with a new, wild, strange expression in his eyes, but a horrible sense of being powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she struggles with herself, he bends over her, and without warning lifts her hands and presses warm, fervent kisses on the small, cold hands. Then she is aroused indeed from her odd lethargy, and by a sharp movement

wrenches herself free.
"Don't," she cries, faintly; "it is insufferable! I cannot bear it! Have you no sease of honor left?"

As if stupefied by surprise, Vera stands

motionless, her hands lying passively in his. She is aware that he is looking at

Her tone calms him, but something within him revolts against the idea of apology. He loves her-let her know it. He will not go back from that, though her scorn slay him.

"There is nothing dishonorable," he says, steadily. "I love you; I am glad you know it. Despise me if you can, reject me as I know you will, I am still the better for the thought that I have laid bare to you all my heart. And now— you cannot stay here," he goes on quick-ly, as though fearing to wait for her next words; "the night is cold and damp. There is the summer house over there," pointing in its direction; "go and rest there, till I call you."

Vera hastens to the shelter suggested, and sinking down upon the one seat it contains, a round rustic chair in the last stage of decay, gives way to the overpowering fatigue that for the last hour has been oppressing her. Reluctantly she does this, and quite unconsciously. Obstinately determined to fight sleep to the last, she presently succumbs to that kindly tyrant, and falls into one of the most delicious slumbers she has ever yet

How long it lasts she never knows, but when next she opens her eyes with a nervous start, the first flush of rosy dawn s flooding hill and valley and sea. Something lying at her feet disturbs all her preconceived fancies. It must have slipped from her when she rose. Regarding it more earnestly, she acknowledges unwillingly that it is Seaton's coat, a light gray one. When she was asleep, lost to all knowledge of friend or foe, then he had come and placed that coat across her shoulders. Her eyes are large and languid with

sleep broken and unsatisfied, her soft hair lies ruffled on her low, broad brow. She looks timidly, nervously, around her as one expecting anything but good; her whole air is shrinking, and her whole self altogether lovely.

To the young man standing in his shirt-sleeves, half hidden among the laurels and looking at her, with admiration generously mixed with melancholy in his No. 2 appears to be thrown into the glance, she seems the very incarnation hand in the same manner. The moveof all things desirable.

He presses her hand and hurries her ance the same, the 'chink" is heard as over the short, dewy grass into the shrubberies that form an effectual screen the new comer strikes coin No. 1, therefrom all observation of those in the garden beyond, and so on until they come to left hand. the small oaken doorway through which she had passed last night, and which has pears to close upon coin No. 2, it is rapproved more foe than friend. Once inside the longed-for portal, her

first impulse is a natural one: it is to run as fast as her feet can carry her to her own room.

(To be continued.)

COACHMAN KEPT HIS DIGNITY.

incidentally His Employer Fad His Way in a Roundabout Fashion.

This is one of the many stories that are floating about town concerning a man very well known in the capital. who is spending the summer in England, says the Washington Post. He has taken a country house over there for the season, and is living a grand seigneur with a troop of dear only Does it," with gathering scorn, "make knows how many servants. These English servants, so their American master has discovered, are quite unlike the menials to whom he is accustomed in his own country. They are specialists. Each one of them is hired for some one particular work, and professional etiquette forbids them to trespass on each other's preserves. Fat ducks and chickens are his delight, How strictly they keep them each to his own work the American did not know till, sauntering idly out of the house one day, he espled a watering he carries on his work mostly under can, which had been left by a gardener the water, but the heron stands with at a little distance from the mansion his long, thin legs in the water wait on the edge of the drive. It occurred ing till a fish comes by. Then a sud to him that it would be amusing to den plunge with his long, sharp bill and play at being a gardener. He would the poor fish is brought up and swalwater the flowers himself. So, calling lowed. to a man servant, who happened to be passing, he bade him fetch the water- an ant asleep in the daytime if you can. ing can. The man straightened himself up and touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, in a tone of respect not unmixed with surprise, the long winter. 'I'm the coachman, sir." "All right," answered the American:

'bring me that can." "Beg pardon, sir," repeated the man, but I'm the coachman, sir."

"Well, well," said the American. "I know you're the coachman. Bring me the can.' The coachman touched his cap again,

and repeated his former remark. Light dawned on the American. "Oh," said he, "you're the coachman, ire you? Well, coachman, you go round to the stables and have my four-in-

hand brought round at once." The coachman saluted and walked away. The coach and four drew up at ground makes a little fort under the the door a few minutes later. The master climbed in.

watering can." The order was obeyed. The horses paused a hundred yards down the

"Now," said he, "drive me to that

"Get down and hand me the can, now," ordered the master. A moment later he was contentedly watering the flowers. He had the can, sterer bee lines his nest with poppy

the coachman's dignity had been preserved, and all was well. No Book of Instructions, Weary Watkins-I see here in the

circles of fragrant rose leaf it divides paper about how to git on a trolley car and off. Hungry Higgins-I bet you won't see cells. no piece about how to git on and off of freight cars. That kind of thing comes by nature, er it don't come at

all.-Indianapolis Journal.

black savages, who dress in next to nothing and are great fighters. We have seen so many pictures of the typical Zulu with a leopard skin around his loins, a topknot of kinky hair stuck full of horn or bone decorations, a spear in his hand and a hide-bound shield on his arm, that we can hardly imagine him wearing a frock coat and an American haircut. John L. Dube. a full-blooded Zulu and descendant of a full-blooded Zulu and descendant of a noted chieftain, will soon appear among his fellows in the clothes of civ-ilization. He has been in America sevilization. He has been in America sev-Easy Magic for Boys. eral years securing an education, and Here is a trick by the performance he is now going back to his people to of which any boy or girl can surprise as educate them. He proposes to estabwell as amuse his companions at an lish a school for boys and girls in the evening's entertainment. The trick is Zulu jungle. He will teach the young one in which two coins are shown, folk of his race to wear clothes, to part placed one after the other in the left their bair with a comb instead of a

> Belinda. Belinda's eyes are china blue, Belinda's nose is flat, Belinda's hair is really hair, She wears it in a plait. It's true, Belinda's made of rags, But what is that to me? Because I'm sure her hair must grow Her hair is real, you see.

spear and to adopt the customs of civ-

lization generally.

And when I fasten on her clothes And have to use a pin, She doesn't mind it in the least. How far I stick it in. I'm sure she feels it, for although She doesn't seem to care, There must be something in a doll Whose hair is really hair. -New_York Tribune.

A Swift Ostrich. Oliver W., acording to the American Boy, is the name of an ostrich which spends its summers at Saratoga and its winters in Florida, and has the distinction of being one of the very few ostriches of the country broken to haress. It is ten feet high and weighs over three hundred pounds, and makes a mile in 2:02, equaling the time of Cresceus and The Abbot, the two fastest horses.

Why Moslems Use Rugs. It is not lawful for a Moslem to pray on any place not perfectly clean, says the Boston Herald. Unless each one has his own special rug, he is not certain that the spot has not been polluted. It does not matter to these followers of Mohammed how unclean a rug that is on the floor may be, because over it they place the prayer rug when their devotions begin.

What a Calf Is? Teacher-What is this a picture of? Small Pupil-Don't know. Teacher-It's the picture of

Now, do you know what a calf is? Small Pupil-Yes'm. A calf is a cow before it gets to be a cow. Hiccough in the Wrist. Little 8-year-old Helen accidentally

ning to her mamma, exclaimed: "Oh. mamma; I've got the hiccoughs in my Kind of Speaking He Liked. "To speak a piece in school," Said Johnnie with a sigh,

discovered her pulse one day and, run-

"Is not much fun; I'd rather Speak for a piece of pie.' Why Was the Milk Sour? Mamma-Bessle, dear, you must not drink that milk. It's sour. Bessie (aged 4)-Why, mamma,

the cow been eating pickles? ADMIRAL BROWN'S NICKNAME.

How He Acquired the Euphonious Sobriquet of "Spud."

Rear Admiral George Brown, retired, carried a nickname during the last twenty years of his naval career that stuck to him closer than that of almost any other officer in the service. He was known to every officer and man, from rear admiral down to berth deck cooks, as "Spud" Brown. This is how he earned his sobriquet, told the other night in the Army and Navy club:

Years ago, when he was only a commander, he was a skipper in one of the old wooden frigates, which were carrying the flag across the Pacific for service on the China station. The old vessel got in the doldrums, and, to make they wish. Let the Russian varieties matters worse, her machinery didn't go to the far North, where they canwork very well, and at the end of several not grow a decent apple, if there is weeks the messes forward and aft found themselves almost in the middle of other varieties go where the wood of the ocean with little more to eat than may serve as fuel, and then give more the regulation "salt horse," hardtack, care to pruning, fertilizing, thinning "beef and bully" and other scurvy-pro- and spraying what are left, and get ducing articles of diet. All hands bad a mighty bankering after "spuds," by which name the Irish potato is affectionately cherished by mariners.

Soon afterward a big trans-Pacific liner bound for San Francisco nove in sight, half-hull down in the distance. plowing eastward. Signals to heave to immediately blossomed from the foretruck of the frigate, but the liner was in a hurry and did not stop. Bigger signal pennants flew from the frigate, but still the liner sped onward contemptuously. The next moment a solid shot went ricocheting along ahead of the passenger boat, and in answer to this summons the vessel hove to, while her skipper waited in amazement for the frigate to draw up and send a boat alongside.

Instead of announcing a declaration of war. Capt. Brown's emissaries, who came alongside in a cutter, took Capt. Brown's compliments to the master of the liner and with them an inquiry would the merchant captain be kind enough to part with a supply of spuds for cash to relieve the sufferings of a lot of hungry man-o'-war's men. The remarks of the merchant captain are not on record, says the New York Times, but the spuds were produced. and Admiral Brown will be known as "Spud" Brown until he dies.

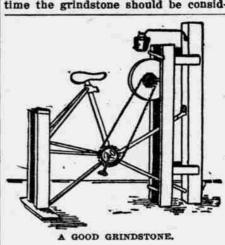
When a very young man begins to know how much less he knows than he thinks he knows then he knows someably imagine that the Zulus are all things that is really worth knowing.



A Grindstone. Some one writes to the American

Blacksmith to tell how he used a discarded bicycle to drive a grindstone. He removed the top brace of the frame and stapled the front to a stout post. The near support was constructed from 2 by 4 inch timber, and the frame braced below. The sprocket of the rear wheel was removed by cutting its spokes, and then mounted on the same shaft as the grindstone. To do this he filled the hole in the stone with a piece of wood, and bored a hole in the latter of the same size as that in the sprocket. Of course, his axle would then fit both. It appears that the chain he used was made up of two. One was not long enough. The axles were mounted with ball bearings, and the stone can be driven at lightning speed with little trouble.

While discussing this general subject, The Iron Trade Review says: "It is time the grindstone should be consid-



ered a machine tool, with good light; no meagre, miserly driblet of water, trickling from a toy pail, on its honest and homely face, but a steady stream that pours at the point of tool application. I have had it on very good authority that a grindstone should not run fast enough to spatter the water around the machine, but it is better to provide for head at stanchion while dehorning. the flying fluid another way and drive the machine full speed."

Adapt Fruit to the Locality. We notice in our reports of the fruit trade and the apple export trade that "Western" Ben Davis are usually speclfied as bringing the highest prices paid for that variety, while "Maine' Baldwins rank above Baldwins from any other section. Now Ben Davis are grown in Maine, and Baldwins in some of the Western sections, but they do not attain the highest degree of excellence in either case. We would advise Eastern farmers to stand by the old sorts that have done so well by them when they have been well; cared for. The Baldwin, Rhode Island, taking it off the nose and pulling. Greening, Snow, Jonathan, and Sutton's Beauty are always in demand, and grow well in all the Northeastern States. So for early fruit do the Red Astrachan and Gravenstein. In some but not in all, the latter doing better in the Middle States. They are all good enough for table use, sell well, and when sold the buyer has an appetite for more just like them. Let the Southern and lower Middle West have a monopoly of the Ben Davis, the Black Twig and the Arkansas Black if such a place, and let some hundreds more profit from less labor.-American Cultivator.

The Lightning Rod. Hundreds of farmers have been swindled by the lightning rod agents, paying for the rods much more than a fair price, and in some cases giving notes for them when they thought that they were only signing a receipt for a certain amount of rod, which would be . moved if they were not satisfied to keep it at the end of a certain time. But this does not disprove the efficacy of the rod to protect from lightning when it is properly put on and connected with the moisture of the earth. A lightning rod or a conductor should run from every wire fence about once in fifteen or twenty rods, going six or seven feet into the earth, as the electricity often follows the wires for a considerable distance, and when it leaves them may go several rods along the surface of the ground to reach man or beast.

Why the Creamery Pays. In the days of our forefathers, when creameries were unknown, the milk was set in cold water or the cellar, and if he be so inclined. the cream allowed to rise. Most of the cream used on the farm to-day is the bog business a great deal depends obtained by this method. What causes upon the ability of the breeder and the cream to rise is a difference in feeder. specific gravity or weight of it and plied in the separator bowl the manu- opens.

facturing companies claim to be seven hundred times as great as the force of gravitation, and thus you see why the skim-milk from the separator contains a smaller percent of butter fat than the skim-milk from which the cream has been allowed to rise, and this is one reason why it is more profitable to patronize a creamery than to make the butter on the farm. Another thing to be considered is that the creamery man, being skilled in the art of making butter, is able to make a better article than as a rule is produced on the farm, and then he can ship it where it will command the highest price, while the farmer has to sell at local prices, which is usually several cents below creamery prices.

Ensilage or Roots.

The cost of growing corn, cutting it and putting it in the silo, has been variously reported at almost all figures from \$1 to \$3 per ton. We do not doubt but that it has been done for the smaller sum when the land has been made rich and well cultivated, and the most modern improvements were at hand to do the work, but we think a fair average would be nearer double that with the ordinary farmer, even in a favorable season. But there are not many who would like to grow roots for feeding to stock at that price. Certainly we know of none who would grow them to sell at that price, and few who would care to grow them at \$4 per ton if they could grow other crops and find a ready cash market for them. As regards the value of them an average of the various roots show that the same amount of each fed with equal rations of hay and grain resulted a little in favor of the roots, but this was more than offset by the two facts that the roots cannot be kept in as good condition for late spring or summer feeding as can the ensilage, and that there is more apt to be a crop failure from drought or other causes with the roots than with the corp. The droughts of the past two years have led many to believe that having ensilage to feed in the summer when pastures are growing poorer is of almost as much importance, and some say more, than having it in the winter.-Massachu-

Helps the Dehorner. Clark Braly, in Hoard's dairyman, describes a tie for holding a cow's

setts Ploughman.

When the cow's bead is fast in stanchion. the rope is dropped over her neck, the loop is caught on the under side and the rope doubled, is put through loop and

placed around the TIE IN USE. nose up far enough to not shut off her breathing; then pull the rope back to a post at side . of stanchion, take one turn around post. A man can hold the end and by placing his weight on rope hold the cow's head quite solid while her horns are removed. The rope is quickly removed by

Rye for Pigs.

In Germany they tested rye as food for pigs in comparison with barley. In some cases the pigs refused it altogether, and when given in large soils King and Newtown Pippin thrive, amounts it was not eaten readily. As a single ration it should not be continued long, and it ought in all cases to be soaked or carefully ground. It gave hest results when fed with other feeding stuff that has a larger percentage of fibre, more protein and less of the carbohydrates. It is not a good concentrated food for young cattle or

Farming on a Big Scale. In no locality has modern steam farming machinery been applied with such effectiveness as upon the grain ranches in southern California. On one ranch the engine used to draw the machinery is of 50-horse power, and has drive wheels eight feet high. It consumes 12 barrels of oil every day, and its operation requires the services of seven men. In plowing, 55 furrows aggregating 40 feet in width, are turned at one time.

Get Rid of Poor Cows. If you have an unprofitable cow, the sooner you get rid of her the better. It is a losing business to feed a cow that will not pay for her keep.

Hints About Hogs. It is better to try to prevent disease than it is to try to cure it. To be successful in swine growing the

hogs should be kept improving. It is not necessary for a man to slop his overalls every time he does his hogs. These items are not written with hog

pen, but by experienced gained through

Corn is all right as a staple food for the hogs, where the trouble comes in is in making it the only food. Any number of farmers have made a

success out of the hog business. What one man has done another man can do. To make a financial success out of

The early buyers secure the tops. the rest of the milk. In the cream They always get their pigs early and separator centrifugal force is used in- have them acquainted with their new stead of gravitation. The force ap- homes long before breeding season